

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1893.

NUMBER 3300.

GOSSIP OF GOTHAM

Mayor Gilroy and the Sachem of Tammany Converse.

YOUNG GOULD AS A SOLDIER

Gifts for the President's Family—Baby Carriages as a Source of Litigation.

There has been within a very recent period a conversation between Thomas F. Gilroy, mayor of New York, and Richard Croker, sachem of Tammany, which seems destined to result in some nationally important changes. Conversations between two sachems rarely reach the "outside" in a garbled form, and only the fact that the principals in the present case have consulted others with reference to their talk makes any revelation of what was said possible.

It is well known in a quiet way that Mr. Gilroy means to succeed himself. There was talk of the governorship for him. This is why the mayor has been aiming at scholarly reputation in essays on the perfection of Gotham government. But gubernatorial dreams are temporarily dissipated, and it is now settled that Mr. Croker does not think the mayor should even lead the Tammanyites in next year's municipal fight.

This was the subject of the talk between "Tom" and "Dick," as the two style each other. Croker called attention to the fact that a political upheaval is impending and that Tammany must run a man of the highest standing. It was suggested to Gilroy that he might have to give way to somebody else.

Embarrassing as it must have been to call attention to his own availability, Mr. Gilroy did that. He declared that he feared no inquiries into his past, and when it was replied to him that his former association with barroom characters and his patronage of them would surely be gone into if he answered that he was not in dread of the consequences.

Now, Croker dare not turn Gilroy down. As is well known to every Tammany sachem, with two exceptions, some highly sensational developments concerning Croker are on the eve of manifestation. From now until the end of the coming legislative session Tammany will have all it can do to keep Croker's head above water. The organization must present a solid front, vigorously maintain its general policy of denying all charges and another all fact.

The only riddle in the situation is: Will Croker have his way or will Gilroy?

A Cabinet Lady.

Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont was among the most liberal purchasers of gift objects during the season just ended. Her orders were not given personally in every instance, for she remains pretty constantly at the capital, but what she did buy had an additional interest from the fact that some of her gifts were for the president's family. Mrs. Lamont is a discriminating book buyer, besides being an excellent judge of bric-a-brac and jewelry. Among the objects purchased have been silver-faced clocks, chateaux watches and many copies in editions of rare standard books. This would seem to indicate a predilection in the distribution of gifts to friends.

MR. LAMONT.

Mrs. Lamont continues to be the social leader of the cabinet, so far as New York society is concerned. If the lady were at all ambitious in that line she could easily outstrip most of her sex in the race for triumphs of the great world, for the most exclusive houses are open to her. Her tastes, however, seem to be in the direction of domesticity. The question of precedence, so far as it affects the social recognition of women whose husbands hold political place, is becoming a vexed one in New York. This is owing to the steady return to public life of sons of New York's old families. The "tony followers," as a Tammany heeler expresses it, "want de er" in politics now. Hence there have been revivals of such mooted points as: "When the governor's wife is in the room with the cabinet member's wife, who has precedence?" and so forth.

Mrs. Lamont has never failed to snive all social enigmas in a happy way.

The City Seal.

Whatever may be said of the record of Mayor Gilroy, there is no denying that he is a high authority on all matters connected with the administration of city affairs, so far as they concern the municipality of New York. Thus in matters connected with the use of the city seal he is always consulted, for the employment of that official imprimatur is as momentous to the corporation as the affixing of his signature is to a private individual. The mayor, indeed, has made a study of city seals, and can read the history of Gotham in its heraldic em-

blem. The literary work of Mr. Gilroy, which so far has included only positions in his chosen English of New York's economic conditions, is understood to include now a study of the city seal, which has yet to see the light of publication. It has escaped general notice that Mayor Gilroy's articles have already been translated into French and German, and are being quoted from in European reviews and periodicals. Nothing, perhaps, will impress the anti-machine men with the incongruities of Tammany government more strongly than the fact that Thomas F. Gilroy should win renown abroad as an authority on good city government.

The National Guard Enthusiast.

Mr. Edwin Gould has now become a recognized authority on matters military, his connection with the national guard of New York state having added highly to the efficiency of his own regiment. Personally Mr. Gould is very popular with his comrades, a fact which is in no way due to his military position, for among the citizen soldiery money does not count. They are used to plutocratic uniforms and the spectacle of a poor clerk in the capacity of lieutenant or captain giving orders to men who have historic fortunes is quite common. William Waldorf Astor and men equally well off, or rather almost so, have been in the ranks of the New York troops. It is a very democratic, if well disciplined, body. Many a friendship between poor fellows and rich youths has been begun in this way. When the boys get together in the armories a twenty-dollar a week salesman may be seen lending sixty cents in small change to a five million dollar heir. Or a society youth may ask some struggling genius why he has not called this past week, only to be told that the genius has been so busy trying to make a little money that he couldn't. Democratic simplicity is maintained in all equipments. One man is not permitted to sport more gorgeous military trappings than another, for all are kept to one standard of neatness, cleanliness and military subordination. And not a man among them all catches this spirit more thoroughly than young Gould.

Discarded Baby Carriages.

Litigation between members of a firm which deals entirely in second-hand baby carriages has called attention to the great profit in the business in New York. It is well known that the Gotham infants of great pecuniary expectations are royally brought up. The item of baby carriages entails great expense. In the first place, the babies of the millionaires get airings in carriages built and designed to order. They are gotten up on an unprecedented scale of magnificence, with wicker work and silk trappings of the best. As the carriages are used for a single season only and are sold for a song at the end of the year, there has grown up quite a trade in the discarded vehicles. Dealers give the articles a little furnishing and sell them after a time at a snug profit. Thus, the baby carriage which has once borne an heir to millions about the streets may in time be wheeled about with a humble workman's infant cooing in it.

After making a snug competence at the business during many years' dealing, a New York firm are quarreling among themselves over a division of the profits. It looks now as if the partners will separate and run rival concerns and thus raise the price of such wares.

A Novel Landmark.

The most original monument, truly, ever erected within the limits of a city, was described in a proposition to erect near Central park nothing more or less than a light-house. The scheme on the surface seemed the idea of various enthusiasts who wished to commemorate in this way the life savor in the wrecking life. There was some prospect of a farcical consideration of the plan, since it was pointed out that the structure would impart an idea of nautical methods to landlubbers, and anyhow could be made a municipal curiosity. But when it was discovered by pure accident that the scheme was a mere advertising device somewhat on the order of magic lantern announcements in public places, the matter was vigorously frowned down. The incident emphasizes the zeal with which advertisers are defacing the streets of New York. The landscape spoiler is nowhere in comparison with the glaring lights that are seen of evenings calling attention to all sorts of things from boots to cigars. There is talk of making a law on the subject, since Gotham's architectural beauties are in danger of total destruction as monuments now are.

A Monument.

First Dog—That's my own bone.
Second Dog—Get it out of my mouth.
First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.
Philadelphia Call.

A Concocted Argument.

First Dog—That's my own bone.
Second Dog—Get it out of my mouth.
First Dog—I'm wrong; it's your bone.
Philadelphia Call.

CABINET CHRISTMAS

Early Christmas Fun by Cleveland and His Councilors.

THURBER'S PRAYER ANSWERED

The Buck Saw and Good Advice Which Were Presented to Secretary Morton.

"Tib, do you remember the time that Ili Decker and Shell Pratt and Grove and you and I slid down the lightning rod that Christmas day to escape from the teacher? I wonder if Grove recalls it yet?"

The speaker was Dr. Clark, one of President Cleveland's boyhood companions whom I met in Fayetteville, N. Y. He was addressing one Mr. Tibbits, a neighbor.

"We boys had a lot of fun together," he continued, "but folks didn't make much of Christmas in those days. Grove may have hung up his stocking, but I'll wager he didn't find much in it. As a matter of fact his father regarded Christmas as the rag end of poverty and he hated poverty."

I learned from many sources that Christmas was not much celebrated those days in Fayetteville. Among others I found an aged lawyer of the name of Chapman now eighty years of age. "I knew Grove," he began, "very well indeed; I used to see him pass in and out of McVicar's store; there it is right out of the window," said the gentleman, half rising in his chair and waving his skinny hand toward the window, "that is the place where the barber pole is out in front; Grove clerked there and slept upstairs; Mr. Tibbits, now the dentist, used to sleep with him—he knows all about him. Oh, you asked about Christmas; well, we didn't have any in those days; times were too hard; if we did have any, it was in the form of a dinner. I know all about the people in this village. When Mrs. Cleveland came here, some years ago, Blanchard—you know him, of course?—Blanchard was introduced to her as the teacher of Grove. 'I am Grove's old schoolmaster,' said Blanchard, as he shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland. Just then I came up; taking Mrs. Cleveland's hand, I said: 'And I, Mrs. Cleveland, am the teacher of the teacher. Mr. Blanchard taught Grove and I taught Blanchard.' Mrs. Cleveland looked very much surprised, and said:

"Why, you are a grandfather teacher!"

The house in which Grove Cleveland hung up his stocking still stands in Fayetteville, though considerably altered. It is a long, old fashioned frame house with four rooms on the ground floor, three upstairs and a high basement below, where Rev. Richard Cleveland used to write his sermons.

CHRISTMAS IN ALABAMA.

Many of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet had merry Christmases when boys. Hilary A. Herbert, the secretary of the navy, whose home is at Montgomery, was born in Laurensville, S. C., and is now about forty-five years of age. He early moved with his father's family to Greenville, Butler county, Alabama. He is, as a cabinet officer, very busy and very difficult to meet; but when I hinted to him that I would like to know about his early Christmas, he gave me all the time I wanted.

Never shall I forget the positive delight, the tenderness and the feeling with which Mr. Herbert spoke of his youthful Christmases down in Alabama.

"My father," he said, "owned a large plantation outside of Greenville. I was here that we used to hold our celebrations. The occasion was one unending round of pleasure, not for a day, but for a week. All the slaves— we had about thirty slaves in those days—used to join in the merrymaking; and I can truthfully say that never, before or since, have I seen such glad times as I experienced at the slaves' dance at the quarters! Such

THE PLANTATION FIDDLER.

fun—such scrapping—such music! The dear souls, their hearts were simply overflowing with goodness and with simple rapture. There was an old coach which ran through the village, and on Christmas we used to get it and go out to the plantation for a frolic. They saw us coming from afar, and builded great pitch-pine fires to welcome us to the merrymaking. The dancing lights could be seen for miles. Then there was old Guile! I like to think of old Guile, whenever I recall the Christmas of my boyhood. If ever there was a better fiddler than this old ducky, I never heard him in all my life. Guile used to disappear sometimes, but he always came back in time for the Christmas fun at the negro quarters, where, seating himself on the platform, he would fiddle away, all night long."

SECRETARY MORTON'S BUCK-SAW.

J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture, passed his boyhood days in Monroe, Mich. He was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., April 23, 1833, and was one of a small family. As a youth, he was noted for his jolly spirits, and you may rest assured that his Christmases were merry ones. When he was still a lad, he was sent to Albion college.

"We have the usual old time Christ-

mas," said Mr. Morton to me, at seven o'clock, one morning at his office—for he is a very early riser, and a hard worker—"in which there is a memory of good dinners, the Christmas tree, the stockings, and fun for the children."

"Do you recall any boyhood presents?"

"Let me see; yes, I do," said the secretary, with a smile. "I remember one Christmas that my father came to me and handed me a buck-saw."

"A buck-saw?"

"Yes, a buck-saw; he said: 'Sterling, this means a dollar a cord for you.' As he repeated these telling words, he looked significantly towards the pile of cord wood in the back yard. That Christmas is made memorable to me, you may rest assured."

"What sort of a town was Albion at that time?"

"It was a great milling place; the old stone mill stands yet; but I never spent my Christmases there; I went to my father's home in Monroe. Monroe is an old French settlement on the Raisin river. The people were a frugal, thrifty class, and like most French enjoyed a frolic greatly. The Catholics, I recall, made much of Christmas. The French people of my boyhood used to have fun on the ice at Christmas. They had small, stunted Canadian ponies, something like a mustang, and, sitting upon those, would dash up and down the grand marshes in high glee, shouting, yelling and trying on their rat-like horses, while all the population looked on in wonder."

HISSELF IS RETICENT.

Wilson Shannon Bissell, postmaster general, was born in Oneida county, and passed his boyhood in Buffalo, whither at the age of six years he removed with his father's family. I called on Mr. Bissell half a dozen times before I could get an audience, such was the stress of his extraordinary business affairs, in connection with the post office portfolio.

"There is really little to say about my boyhood's Christmas," said Mr. Bissell, when, finally, the matter was brought before him. "I was a boy in Buffalo, and, as one of a good-sized family, entered heartily into the joys and delights of the holiday season. I remember that we used to get up Christmas morning, to find our presents on the table; I recall that, once I received a flute; our presents were usually modest ones, and none of them would be considered specially noteworthy."

HOKE SMITH HAD HIGH JINKS.

Hoke Smith, secretary of the interior, was born about thirty-nine years ago, in North Carolina. His father came from New Hampshire, and was an honor man at Bowdoin college, fifty years ago. He then removed to Baltimore, where, in the midst of his studies, his eyesight giving out, on the advice of his physician he took a sea voyage. Finally, returning, he became the head of the German Reform college, at Chapel Hill, N. C., where young Hoke remained till he was thirteen years old; after that he went to Lincoln town, N. C.; seventeen years of age found him in Georgia, where he began life as a principal in a girl's high school. Hoke Smith is a descendant of Michael Hoke, of York, Pa., from whom he gets the name about which so much has been said. On his mother's side, he is descended from Judges Williams and Benton of the supreme court of North Carolina. There have always been judges, lawyers and professors in the Smith family. A fine picture of Mr. Smith's father graces the reception-room of his beautiful Washington house.

These facts concerning Mr. Smith are given because they are new, and because they will assist in understanding what class of people he early associated with.

"I recall my Christmases with pleasure," said Mr. Smith to me, in his library, "and I may say, to begin with, that they are among the fondest recollections of my youth. My friends and companions of that time were the sons and daughters of the college."

"Our Christmases were prolonged into one unending round of pleasure for a week, during which we danced and sang, and ate, and had a general good time."

CARLISLE HAD NO CHRISTMAS.

Secretary Carlisle, of the treasury, was born in Kenton county, Ky., in 1835. He was one of seven children. His father died when John was fifteen years old. Then he had to look out for himself, which he proceeded to do by teaching school.

Mr. Carlisle had little to say for his early Christmases. In fact, as the truth is, in the interest of history it must be recorded that John G. Carlisle—had no Christmases at all!

As the son of a small farmer, he had to toil from morning to night. The people of Kenton county were very poor in those days, and the Carlisle family were no better situated than were the majority.

JOHN HUBERT GREENIEL.

A Sound Offense.

The Old Man—Humph! When I was your age, I didn't wear kid gloves and a cane!

Algy (in an injured tone)—Well, father, I should think you'd expect to find some improvement in the family since that time—Puck.

Abner.

German Landlord (to agent for firm of wine growers)—How is it you sell your red native wine dearer than your white? Agent—Do you think we get the color for nothing?—The Bitts.

JOYS OF THE DAY

Christmas Pleasures Occupying the Attention of Society.

NOTABLE SOCIETY EVENTS

Weddings Have Been Numerous—The Proposed Charity Ball—Notes of Persons and Parties.

"Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkey, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausage, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning. . . . And it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed that knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one."—Dickens.

PARTIES AND RECEPTIONS.

Mrs. Gay's Christmas Party.

Mrs. Will Gay of East Fulton street, will give a Christmas breakfast in her home at 8:30 o'clock tomorrow morning. After the breakfast is served the guests will assemble in the parlors where a yule log will be lighted in the grate and where the contents of a Christmas tree will be distributed. The entertainment is for the pleasure of the juveniles, Gay, Lytell and Ronald Graham and Marian Mead. The other guests will be Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gay, Miss Gertrude Gay, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sears, Mrs. Burnett and sons Andrew and Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Cole, Miss Jennie Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Rendall and son Eugene, Clarence Gould from Detroit, F. F. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Mead, Mrs. Nash.

Mr. and Mrs. Brower's Party.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Brower gave a "hard times" party to the principals in the recent production of "Iolanthe" and other invited guests at their home, corner of East Fulton street and College avenue, on Thursday evening. All of those present were attired in non-descript attire. There was no fringing, however, in the way of happy spirits. All contributed to an informal entertainment, which consisted of songs, dances, sketches and impersonations. After refreshments the hostess entertained her guests with magic lantern views, the photos which were thrown upon the canvas by local subjects and evidences of her accomplishment with the kodak. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McPherson, Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, the Misses Ethel Root, Annie Ashley, Minnie White, Edie Chamberlain, Messrs. Marsh, J. McInnes, Fred Werner, John D. McIntyre, Bradley Chatfield and Arthur Kromer.

Howland Lowe's Theatre Party.

In compliment to the Misses Harris and Greer of Chicago, chaperoned by Mrs. Penny and Mrs. Sherwood Hall, Howland Lowe invited the Misses Helen and Estelle Putnam, Messrs. Bernard, Shepard and Barrett to a box party with the honor guests in Powers opera house on Wednesday evening to witness the opera of "Wang." After the opera Mr. Lowe gave a supper to his guests in the Peninsular club house.

Mrs. Trowbridge's Party.

Mrs. Charles Trowbridge of Sheldon street gave a thimble party on Wednesday afternoon for the pleasure of the following guests: Mrs. Tinkham, Mrs. Wilmarie, Mrs. Morron, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Will Gay, Mrs. Rea, Mrs. Slaght, Mrs. Richenbaugh of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Charles Berkeley, Mrs. Richenbaugh of Crescent avenue, Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Kelsey.

U. R. A. Benefit.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Charles Berkeley of Fountain street gave the use of her beautiful home to the Whatsoever circle of the King's Daughters to hold their sale of fancy articles for the benefit of the U. R. A. home and hospital. The Misses Berkeley, Laura Perry, Nellie Campbell, Mary Bonnell, Lambert, Quimby, assisted by others, were in care of the sale and entertainment. There was a large attendance. The flower decorations were handsome and ice and cake were served.

Off for Washington.

The Hon. and Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl and daughters, the Misses Lucy and Edwina, and son Marshall, left for Washington in Mr. Uhl's private car on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. H. G. Post, Mrs. H. C. Post, Mrs. Frank Davis, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pyfe, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Kelsey, Mrs. Tinkham and Mrs. Barnhart were the station to say "good-bye." They presented Mrs. Uhl with a bunch of American beauty roses.

Mrs. Hollister's Fagot Party.

On Monday evening Mrs. Clay H. Hollister gave an informal fagot party in honor of Miss Harris and Miss Greer of Chicago. Besides the honor guests there were present Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley E. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. McGeorge Bundy, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McCay, Miss Helen Putnam, Miss Estelle Putnam, Miss Frouser, Miss Waters, Miss Wood, Howland Lowe, Charles W. Shepard, John McQuewan, A. D. Rathbone, Jr., Francis C. Marshall, Robert A. Farnard, John W. Blodgett, L. P. Cady.

Charity Ball.

The most generous contribution that has been made in this city to a charity ball is the one tendered by the Messrs. A. V. and J. Boyd Pantlind for Wednesday evening. Their offer includes the entire parlor floor and the dining room. Their generosity has been accepted by the committee in charge, and it is hoped that a large sum will be the result of the tickets sold for this social event. The funds will be placed to the disposal of the Organized Charity association, and the only expense of the ball will be a nominal sum to Mr. Wenzburg, who, with his ten pieces, will furnish the music. The price of the tickets is \$5, and one ticket will admit two women and their escort. The Grand Rapids Floral company will lend potted plants and flowers to decorate the dancing room, and Mr. Benwick will contribute for the decoration of the reception parlors. The tickets have been given by the Eaton Printing and Binding company, the



The Great Price Tumbling of 1893

In the markets of the world brought on by the financial conditions will be a theme to comment upon for ages to come. Lessons will be learned and practical benefits derived to the young men who will later assume the commercial responsibilities of our country. Enough that you lived in this age, that you participated in the most extraordinary breaking down of values that America has known since Columbus touched our golden shores. This store has not been slow in putting into actual practice the new conditions. By its methods, by its great gathering power it even rises above the popular conditions and is ready to command every opportunity that presents itself. It commands a great retail power. Prepared at every point to give the best in variety, quantity, value and service.

Respectfully,

SPRING & COMPANY.

150 Beaver Shawls cut to nearly one-half their value.

Cloaks, Astrachan Jackets, Furs of all kinds reduced below the present wholesale prices.

Just opened an elegant variety of Calico Wrappers and Outing Flannel Wrappers in all the new dark and fashionable shades. 32 to 44 inch bust measure.

All departments on first and second floors caught by the emergency prices.

If you have a dollar you're worth two the moment you enter our store.

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